

"Seven" lyrics

## Army Of The Pharaohs Lyrics

"Seven"

*[Planetary:]*

Yeah! Yo, uh

A lot of rappers try approaching the omen  
My poems will punish your people while I'm up at the podium  
Pharaohs folding 'em, like washed clothes again  
I'm a vulture when the flow go choke your kin  
Broke, I leave most of them, slow, I keep my motionin'  
Eye on the prize  
I silence the wise, my lyrics make a scientist cry  
Making a secret society expose their purpose  
Making 'em unleash info and explode in my surface  
I'm taking my time to birth this, rap entity earthless  
It's show time, there's no time, be ready when the curtain split  
I'm hurtin' shit, too powerful for painkillers  
On the concrete jungle we walk like trained guerillas  
Untamed, and my niggas is Kane, Kool G, Rakim, combined into one frame  
We like the new mecca of immaculate rappers  
Vinnie Paz, call the goons, now we back with the clappers

*[Chief Kamachi:]*

Yo, remain silent, kill him with what I mentally says  
Bloody Fez, choke you like an Indian rez  
Kamach, animal Turk, sick with a cannibal smirk  
Welcome, this where the murderers lurk  
It's my mind, that make sure that the Sun can work  
Scorch bodies, leave all of your gunmen hurt  
Pharaoh sultans, create a serious cult jam  
And my hand is where the tears of the pope ran  
They stay watching like they keep me on a scope cam  
I'm in Heaven with the angels that smoke grams  
You need God, that's why the earth so damned  
International, trying to get my flow banned  
That's cool, if I don't kick these prayers  
A lot of floods and fam' is gonna hit these years  
Kamachi back on the chapel stairs  
Open the clouds, let the thunder clap your ears

*[King Syze:]*

You wanna put your money up? Then muthafucker then put it  
For your family's sanity man, I wish that you wouldn't  
Niggas got nice flows, just dont know where to put it  
And I know your whole life your raps are edited footage  
And y'all mixtape niggas couldn't see my plateaus  
All up in my presence, while y'all actin' bashful  
King Syze casting an ecliptic rap flow  
Y'all little light niggas couldn't feed my shadows  
From, city to city, intersection to section

But you reflexin', with or without a weapon  
I'm always steppin', never scared  
But always and forever prepared  
Yeah the ones who drink gas man is revvin' their gears

*[Reef the Lost Cauze:]*

You now rocking' with the foulest clique in the continent  
Total dominance, rise to prominence  
In my prime like Optimus, stand in astonishment  
At this conglomerate, an axis of evil  
I know where Osama is, he down in Camp David  
Down and dirty like a damp basement  
The champ must demand greatness  
From himself, or be another contender  
There's hundreds of niggas  
Dead left under the river  
From the days of slaves  
To hurricanes in Orleans  
See my people's graves floatin' amongst the waves  
There's hell to pay, but  
The devil don't take checks  
I tried to send a message to God  
His phone don't take texts  
I need a new plan, a crook with knowledge  
Times is hard homie, why I took them dollars  
Man, my momma got a mortgage  
And my little baby sister need books for college  
I rob all of y'all

*[Doap Nixon:]*

Hey, yo, they want the hood in here so they called me first  
I give 'em rappers gatorade cause they ball with thirst, UH!  
This is more than music  
But these niggas is mad trash  
That's why the stores refuse 'em  
Yo, I'm out in Georgia, went straight to the block  
I'm seein' cats motorcyclin' dawg, I'm doin the walk  
I'm an O.G., call my Italian niggas a wop  
Though their papers ain't right, but they got weight on the block  
I love 'em uh  
Hand to hand, see your hands ache  
I drunk so much syrup dawg I stopped eatin' pancakes  
Ya niggas cool dawg mine's absurd hot  
Stop frontin' like you's a killer money, your nerves shot  
Yo you's a Paxil nigga, dumpin' Zoloft in coffee  
AOTP what exhaust be  
Can't keep it gear, cause I'm blinging with F's  
But I got my mind right so swing your shit to the left

*[Demos:]*

Nigga if I had 24 hours to live  
Fuck 24 hours, gimme 24 seconds  
Vin I'm drivin' off a bridge

Broken rib, no windshield, covered in kerosene  
Gasoline tank filled to the top  
Magazines of these phony rappers ripped in pieces  
No priest is, strong enough to take me out of my zone  
I broke Jesus, choke niggas who squeal  
Rob niggas who steal, kill niggas who kill  
I'm too sick for a pill  
Man these niggas ain't real, they real fake  
They say they a man but they fuckin' reveal snakes  
That's when you put 'em in a truck with their grill taped  
Rip in reverse then run into a steel gate  
I'm a suicide driver, never been a liar  
If I don't kill you later, I'mma kill you mañana  
You don't want no problems  
You don't want no drama  
Nigga I'mma take a trip with your baby momma, suicide driver

*[Celph Titled:]*

Ya better cross your T's  
Cause we'll dot your eyes  
You can say that you specialize but pharaohs will optimize  
Backstage will get a bitch back smacked there  
The mac glare like dirty south pimp slap clap snares, YEAH!  
Holy paragraphs, what kind of shit is that?  
I'm Jesus in the flesh so this is motherfuckin' Christian rap  
Y'all just Christmas wrap, must be the secret Santa  
My reindeer aim near, pierce you with the antlers  
I made 'em go easy, and called off the wolves on my AOTP radio CB  
Cause y'all ain't worthy of grenades and RPGs  
Slit throat, hope you float with sardines and seaweed  
Cause this is C-E-L-P-H demonic symphony  
Listen to the hell we make  
And a year before your kids tenth birthday came  
You didn't have to wait for candles on the cake to see the nine flame

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Respect a G, my clique clap at you incessantly  
I lay back and drink alcohol excessively  
It ain't a rapper that's alive today that's testing me  
I got degrees in being ignorant and weaponry  
A 40 oz and Dutch Master is the recipe  
That's my shit there, that'll be the death of me  
Give me a death mask, better yet an effigy  
I understand the math of death and it's complexity  
I understand how you was violently murked  
I understand how you was raised under the lies of the church  
But understand and recognize that I'm cursed  
With the ability to end your fucking lives with a verse